

For further Particulars see Handbills.
B. BULLOCK, Manager L. T. & S. Section,
Fenchurch St. Terminus.

Wednesday, December 16, 1914.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

WHY DELAY? THE DAILY MIRROR OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION contains all the Latest and Best War

Pictures and News and is therefore the Best Weekly Newspaper for your friends abroad. You can obtain it from your Newsagent for 3d. per copy.

Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for six months 10/-; elsewhere abroad, 15/-; Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.

ON THE MARCH: MEN THAT THE KAISER'S LEGIONS HAVE YET TO MEET.



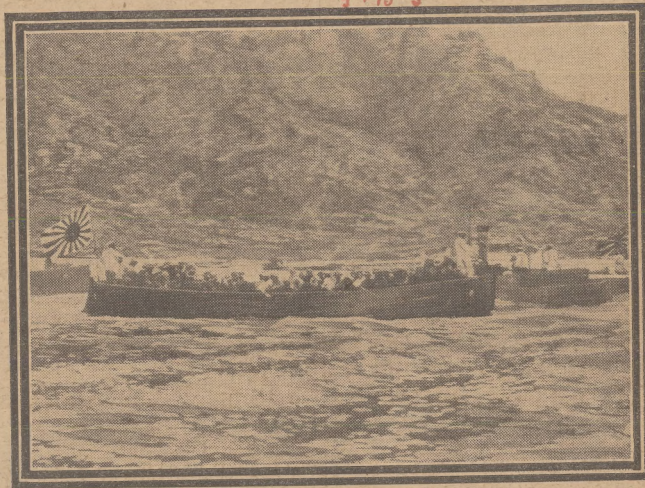
These are some of our splendid Canadian troops. They are not marching across their own rolling prairies, but across the muddled wastes of Salisbury Plain on a field

day. All these men are anxious to get to the front, and when they get there the Germans will not be ignorant of their presence.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST: SCENES AT THE CAPTURE OF TSINGTAU BY THE ALLIES.



Japanese Red Cross bringing in wounded soldiers.



British soldiers in Japanese boats at Tsingtau.

The Japanese have most generously recognised the co-operation accorded to their valiant army by the British forces in the capture of Tsingtau. The Japanese and the British

worked splendidly together. In care for the wounded and in the dispatch of troops by sea and land, the Japanese showed themselves as efficient and cool as ever.

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2-34
GERMAN TRENCHES AND PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,478.

Registered at 110 St. P.O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1914

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE WAR OF THE BIG GUNS: BRITISH BATTERIES THAT ARE
CHANGING THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. G. 331 A



The world war is developing into a duel to the death between big guns. When the war began Germany smashed her way through Belgium by her big guns, and Germany thought her great artillery would cow the world. Now, however, the artillery

of the Allies is mastering the heavy German batteries. Blow for blow and shot for shot the guns of Great Britain and France are beating the guns of the Huns. Our photograph shows a big British gun in action.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON LONDON W

HONOUR YOUR HERO

by wearing h's



REGIMENTAL
BUTTON as
BROOCH

neatly fitted at
back to take
photograph.

NOTHING gives more pleasure to our gallant heroes, both at the front and at home, than the knowledge that his dear ones are proudly wearing the Button of his Regiment.

These intensely interesting articles, actually made from Real Service Buttons, are now obtainable for the first time. They are strong, neat and beautifully finished and owing to the low price are within the reach of all. The following are in stock:—Royal Artillery, York and Lancaster, R. Yorks, R.F., R.A.M.C., A.S.C., Durham L.L., Somerset



2/- each.
Post Free.



L.L. E. Surrey, W. Yorkshire, Royal Irish Regt., Welsh Regt., Royal West Kents, Royal N. Lancs, N. Staffs, Gloucester Regt., Cameron Highlanders. Other Regiments are in course of preparation for which orders can now be placed, these will be executed as quickly as possible.

Bovril

just makes all the difference between your being nourished and your not being nourished by your food.

BOVRIL IS BRITISH
TO THE BACKBONE

S.H.D.

A TON OF COAL FOR 2/6.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical substance "Seldomite," which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

At this time, when every penny of housekeeping counts, "Seldomite" proves a veritable blessing, for warmth is almost as important as food.

Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest and hottest fires they wish and yet make one scuttful of coal treated with "Seldomite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this is, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldomite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust or soot.

No matter how small or how large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldomite," and if you use, say, one ton of coals a month you can save at least £5 during the coal fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldomite" in their own homes the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full size 4s. box (sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite or Slack), with full directions, to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (whilst this offer lasts) for only 10s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Already "Seldomite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its cleanly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by constant repeat orders. Among the many distinguished users of "Seldomite" are:—

Viscount Elibank.
Louisa Lady Walker.
Countess Stanford.
Marquis de la Granja
Earl of Loudoun.
Lady Watkins.
Sir J. Pender, Bart.
Lady Madearn.
General Robinson.
Hon. Cecil Parker.
Lady Butler.
Lord Sinclair.
Professor Slater.
Lady Strachey.
Lord Sydenham.
Lady Renshaw.
Countess Stanhope.
Lord Salvason.
Lady Warwick.
Lord Francis Hope.
Lady John Hay.
Count Wingersky.

Lady Mary Cayley.
Lady Strathallan.
General Lock.
Lady Alderton.
Lady Dill.
Countess of Latmay.
Viscount Ingestre.
Lady Swan.
Sir A. Legard, Bart.
Lady Campbell.
Countess Bathynany.
Lady Craft.
General Swindley.
Lady Lawrence.
General Jeffreys.
Lady Williams.
Lady Mostyn.
Lady Darson.
Miss Elinore Terriss.
Dowager Lady Pelly.
Countess de Polignac.

"Seldomite" is easily used and is alike suitable for factory, hospitals, schools, clubs, kitchen, greenhouse, drawing-room or dainty flat. It does not smell; there are no fumes; it is perfectly healthy. Indeed, no one knows that it is in use except that the fires burn consistently, warmly, cosily and brightly without any attention.

To take advantage of the special offer made above readers should send remittances of 2s. 6d. for the full-size 4s. box (sufficient for one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite or Slack), or 10s. for five boxes, addressing their letters to:—

SELDONITE LABORATORIES, LTD.,
310, Vine-street,
Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

Bournville Cocoa & Cadbury's MILK Chocolate

"The Very Finest Products."—The Medical Magazine

baby cut teeth without trouble

Mrs. F. Spencer, 11a, Midmoor Road, Haverhill Road, Baltham, writes, October 12, 1914:

"I feel I must write and tell you what a splendid thing Woodward's Gripe Water is, having given it my boy, who is now five, through all his teething. I did not have the slightest trouble, and it has made him a fine, healthy boy. I am now giving it to my little girl, who is five months old, and has cut two teeth without the slightest trouble. From birth she suffered with constipation and sickness, but I have given her Woodward's Gripe Water from three weeks old, and she is now a bonnie baby, and does not suffer from either."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

A perfectly safe and sure remedy, containing no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and having behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

Of all Chemists & Stores, price 1s. 11d.
BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.
Registered Trade Mark: "GRIPE WATER."

SPECIAL WAR OFFER.

Send Photo to-day for one of the Imperial Studio's CELEBRATED ENLARGEMENTS 20in. x 1/3 ONLY 16in. POST PAID.

You doubtless possess a portrait of some relative or friend whose services are required by his country. Send this to us, no matter how old or faded, together with P.O. for 1/3, and we will make a life-size enlargement 20in. x 16in. A **free** incrustation of your dear one, **during absence from home**. Enlargements made from groups, figures from groups or snapshots of any description. Your photo returned unimpaired. Water Colour Miniatures same price. VOX Ltd. (Dept. B), 60, Chancery Lane, London.

YOUR XMAS PARCEL

to your Soldier or Sailor friend should contain a tin of

ANDREWS' LIVER SALT.

In changes of climate, water or food it keeps the system right.

Tins 4d. and 6d. If you cannot procure from your grocer or chemist, send 4d. (and name of your dealer) for a full-sized tin. We refund your postage.

Scott & Turner, Ltd. (Dept. H), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Century Record China Package.

ONLY
22/6
PACKED
FREE

This Famous Package contains 1 Complete Dinner Service for 12 persons, 1 Complete Tea Service for 12 persons, with Free Gift of Toilet to match. Beautiful design. Splendid quality. **SECURELY PACKED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 22/6. Satisfaction guaranteed.** Splendid Christmas or Wedding Present.

Household and individual orders are our speciality. Every requirement in China, Pottery and Glass at factory prices. Beautiful Tea Services from 5/-, Dinner Sets from 9/6, Toilet Sets from 5/6. Complete Home Outfits from 21/-. Beautiful designs shown in actual colours in Complete Free Catalogue. Hundreds of bargains for every home. 30,000 satisfied customers including Royal Household, Buckingham Palace.

Send a Trial Order To-day, or a postcard for the

CENTURY COMPLETE CATALOGUE. Illustrated in Actual Colours. POST FREE.

THE CENTURY POTTERY, DEPT. D.M.1, BURSLEM, STAFFS

THE MEN WHO WARNED GREAT BRITAIN OF THE GERMAN MENACE.



Arnold White, a well-known writer. *Voice of the Referee*.



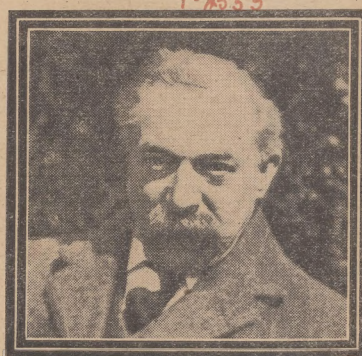
J. L. Garvin, Editor of the *Observer* and *Pall Mall Gazette*. One of the ablest and most patriotic journalists alive.



Lord Northcliffe, Proprietor of *The Times*, *The Daily Mail*, and *London Evening News*.



H. W. Wilson, Hon. Editor of the *Navy League Journal*, and member of the Navy League.



Robert Blatchford, Socialist, Editor of *Clarion*, and author of articles in *Weekly Dispatch*.

This is a group of notable publicists who have persistently warned the British public of the German menace. Varying in personal temperaments, individual in-

terests and political sympathies, they have been united by a common patriotism to forewarn and arm the Empire against Germany's long premeditated attack.

BRAVE SERBIAN ARMY RECAPTURES BELGRADE AND ROUTS THE AUSTRIANS.



Houses shattered by Austrian shells.



Portion of ruined Belgrade.

These photographs of the ruins of Belgrade give an idea of the scenes of desolation in a city which has been persistently shelled by the Austrians for weeks. They succeeded in capturing the town, but the Serbian Army rallied, routed the enemy

and recaptured their capital. This is one of the heaviest blows Austria has sustained since the war began. Austria pretended to despise little Serbia, but the Serbian Army has proved one of the bravest in Europe.

GERMAN'S LETTER IN INVISIBLE INK.

Man Who Wrote of Mutiny Found
Guilty by Court-Martial.

CENSOR'S DISCOVERY.

A German's remarkable letter, written in invisible ink, which was discovered at the Censor's office, was read yesterday at a court-martial at Douglas, Isle of Man.

The prisoner, Otto Luz, who had been detained at the aliens' camp, was found guilty of attempting to communicate with the enemy. The sentence was not made known.

Luz wrote under the postage stamps of letters written to his sister in Wurttemberg, and also in the body of the letter in invisible ink.

Luz pleaded guilty to the charge. The letter that he wrote in invisible ink was as follows:—

"Dear Emile, I hope you will discover this second letter.

In order to get exact information first of all write me in the same way how things are progressing on the different battlefields and when the war with Great Britain may be expected to finish.

"We only get very bad food, and therefore I am writing you to send me—and other provisions.

"Maybe you could also send me a few boxes of 'Pommeschen' bread.

"The very careful English supervision is already slackening."

AFRAID OF MUTINY.

The letter went on to say:—

"They are afraid of a mutiny by us, therefore every person who is found supplying us with newspapers is punished with one year's hard labour."

"We would have mutinied a long time ago if we had been on firm land, as there are about 25,000 of us civil prisoners, who could easily attack the handful of lying, swindling soldiers.

"We already organised a little mutiny when they forced us to sleep in tents which had been soaked through by continuous rain."

Replying to questions Luz said: "I had no idea that I was committing such a crime against the rules of the camp."

A prisoner at the camp stated that it was quite untrue to say that anyone who is found supplying a newspaper to the camp or that there were 25,000 prisoners there.

The president of the court-martial said the sentence would be forwarded to the Lieutenant-Governor for his confirmation.

"SOMETHING AWFUL."

There was a sequel to the riot at the aliens' camp when one of the prisoners, named Kurt Vanshel, was also tried before a court-martial at Douglas.

He was charged with stirring up disaffection and urging prisoners to refuse their food, and also with inciting certain prisoners to prepare for "something awful to happen."

Vanshel pleaded not guilty, and at his request Baron von Joller, who is interned in the Douglas Camp, acted as his adviser.

A witness declared that the prisoner was one of the organisers of the outbreak, which resulted in the guard shooting six prisoners.

A prisoner deposed that the accused told some of the prisoners that "something is going to happen," and advised them to get rid of their identification numbers so that they would not be recognised. He also said that he had no news to use on the military. The Court adjourned until to-day.

WAVE THAT SWALLOWED UP JACKO.

The British torpedo-boat destroyer, Loyal has lost its mascot—Jacko, the monkey. Jacko was missed the evening having evidently been washed overboard while the ship was steaming.

Jacko was a battle-scarred veteran. He was in the Boxer expedition, and on board the Loyal at the fight at the Bight of Heligoland.

The Loyal was one of the destroyers responsible for the sinking of four German destroyers at the end of the war.

October. In that fight Jacko took refuge in a fish-kettle in the cook's galley until the firing subsided.

"GIVE THE KAISER HIS GOLD!"

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 15.—The *Telegraaf* says the General Commander at Munster has issued a new appeal to the populace for gold, either coin or bar, stating that contributions will strengthen the equipment, and adding that it is a duty laid by God upon everybody.

Vast amounts of gold, he says, are still in the country, and he promises solemnly that paper money shall bear the same value as gold.

"Give to the Emperor," he says, "what is his."

Further than this, the Churches have been asked to urge the people of the country to exchange their gold.—Exchange Special.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For all stations.—Gusty; some showers, but considerable periods of bright sunshine; rather cold.

WHAT SUNK THE BULWARK

Accidental Ignition of Ammunition the
'Cause of Explosion.

COURT OF INQUIRY'S REPORT.

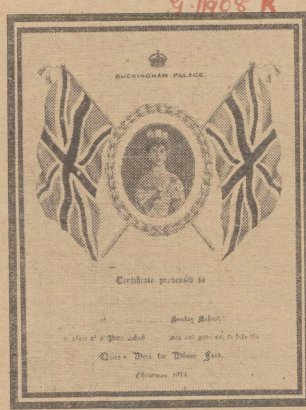
The sinking of the battleship Bulwark off Sheerness on November 28 last was the result of an accident on board.

This fact has been established definitely by the Court of Inquiry. The following official statement was issued last night:—

The Court of Inquiry which was appointed to inquire into the loss of H.M.S. Bulwark has now reported, and it is clear from the evidence which has been produced that the explosion which caused the loss of the ship was due to accidental ignition of ammunition on board the ship.

There is no evidence to support the suggestion that the explosion was due either to treachery on board the ship or to an act of the enemy.

THE BEST PRIZE?



This is a certificate to be given to school prize winners who have given up their prizes to help the Queen's Work for Women Fund.

AIRMAN LOST IN FOG.

British Pilot Narrowly Escapes Fall in Sea—
Interned on Landing.

The adventures of a British airman, who lost his way in a fog after dropping bombs near Bruges and was forced later to descend in Zealand, where he is now interned, were further described yesterday in messages from Amsterdam.

A Central News telegram says that in a statement which the airman made to a correspondent of the *Telegraph* he said he ascended with two other British airmen at Dunkirk in the morning, his objective being Bruges.

He dropped five bombs near there in order to destroy the workshops in which German submarines are being put together.

Afterwards he proceeded in the direction of Zebrugge, but lost his way owing to fog. He was above the sea, but resighted land and came down near the Dutch village of Breskens. The two other airmen fell in the sea and were rescued by the Channel steamer *Oraffe Nassau*.

GUN DEARER THAN LIFE.

How one of the "Blues" saved a gun almost under the very noses of an advancing horde of Germans was told to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by one of the Royal Horse Guards just back on a few days' leave.

"Early one morning we were suddenly shelled and attacked by an overwhelming force of Germans, and there was nothing to do but retire from our trenches," he said.

"Suddenly one of our men, who had been in charge of the Maxim gun turned in his flight and raced back to the trench."

"We saw him tear at the Maxim gun for a moment—two or three of the oncoming Germans leaped into the trench—there was a short, sharp scuffle. Our man had only an unfixed barrel, but he did good work with it, and then succeeded in rejoining us."

"Then, as with bleeding hands he triumphantly held up the lock of the Maxim gun we raised a great cheer."

THE KING AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS.

The King and Queen will spend Christmas at Sandringham. Their Majesties leave town for Norfolk next Wednesday (December 23), and will probably not be back in London until the new year.

Accompanied by Princess Mary, the King and Queen returned to London yesterday after a short stay at Sandringham. During the afternoon the Queen and Princess Mary drove to St. James's Palace to visit the headquarters of the Needlework Guild, which is doing so much for sailors and soldiers on active service.

WOMEN'S PARIS GOWNS.

War Cheapens Cost of French Designed Dresses and Lovely Furs.

BIG DROP IN PRICES.

The two things a smart woman loves are a fur coat and a Paris model gown.

Until the war these luxuries were denied many thousands of women, who had to content themselves with reading about the beautiful things more prosperous women wore. Now every woman of moderate means has her chance.

Luxuries in the way of dress are growing cheaper, for Paris models are at half price and even less, while there are big drops in the prices of furs.

The "cozy" coat is the coat of the moment in fur fashion. The eccentric wild animal skins and fur coat designs are almost taboo, and the useful coat of plain design, which can be worn several seasons without looking out-of-date, is the coat that is now selling.

Ten thousand pounds worth of fur coats are being sold this week at Messrs. Goring's, in Buckingham Palace road.

Paris models are at half-price, but there are few coats extreme in design.

A ponskin can be bought for £5 10s.; a musquash coat for £12.

The actual musquash coats take the lead, but these two coats, *The Daily Mirror* was told, are among the most fashionable coats of the year. Reductions in prices rang as follows:—

Price.	Reduced To.	Price.	Reduced To.
£130	£75	£200	£120
£75	£45	£142	£86

Really exquisite French model gowns are being sold at Bery and Toms', in the High-street, Kensington, as wonderful bargains.

The corsages of most of these are distinctly décolleté.

Lovely evening dresses, bearing the label of Paquin, Worth, etc., which would in some cases have cost £35 if purchased in the ordinary way, can be bought now for a half and a half guinea.

Greens and purples are very much used in the scheme of the Paris gowns and very beautiful hand embroideries are employed.

DEAD MAN'S CURSE.

Pathetic Letter Let by Employee Who
Believed He Was Suspected of Theft.

"This letter is so pathetic that I shall find difficulty in reading it," said the coroner at an inquest at Westminster yesterday regarding the death of William Gladwill, a caretaker employed by Messrs. Tiffany and Co., Regent-street jewellers, who took poison because he believed he was suspected of stealing four gold sovereigns.

The letter in question read:—

"Dear Wife, Ma and Dad, and all my Brothers and Sisters,—Do not think too unkindly of me for all the great trouble I am bringing on all the family. The fact is I have been suspected of stealing by the remarks that have been constantly passed to me!

"I swear by my God and my dear dead mother that I have never in my life stolen from here or anywhere else. With my last breath I curse the thief and the four gold pieces that have brought me to all this trouble. May it rest on his conscience for ever! I trust he will see my note."

"I shall not be able to prove my innocence from my bank-book though I have been very careful with my pocket money. The entry in my pocket-book 23rd Jan. from the Bank of England I swear to God is certain that I am innocent. Good-bye to all. Your broken-hearted brother and son-in-law, Will."

"It is dreadful to think that he believed he was suspected when, as a matter of fact, everybody realised he was perfectly innocent," remarked the coroner.

The manager at Messrs. Tiffany and Co. said that the sovereign purses were missed as long ago as February, and they came to the conclusion that some light-fingered customer had taken them from the counter.

There was no more reason to suspect Gladwill than myself," he added, "for a better suspect we never had and never wish to have. Suspicion was never directed towards him."

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

"TRADING WITH THE ENEMY."

The attention of the Board of Trade has been called to certain traders in this country who do not appear to be fully aware of their obligations and responsibilities in regard to trading with the enemy.

"All trades are now by law expressly prohibited from obtaining from or supplying to an enemy country, or an enemy either directly or indirectly any goods, wares or merchandise, and it is incumbent upon them to take every precaution to see that goods which are exported to a neutral country are not ultimately destined for an enemy country and that goods which they import from a neutral country are not of enemy origin."

The Board of Trade do not doubt that reputable British firms are, in general, careful to avoid infringement.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE DISAPPEARS.

A special constable, named John Quinnell, of Winchmore Hill, has disappeared mysteriously at Southgate.

He was engaged on Friday night to go on duty at the pumping station near the New River, but when a second constable arrived to relieve him he could find no trace of his colleague.

The New River has been dragged, but without result.

TOY SOLDIER AMUSES

BABY "HEIR."

Child Plays in Court Heedless of
Fight for Fortune.

STORY OF DOCTOR'S WIFE.

While his claim to be heir to a fortune was being fought out in the Probate Court yesterday, Teddy, the four-year-old petitioner in the remarkable "Slingsby case," sat on Mrs. Slingsby's knee and played with wooden soldiers.

The pretty, curly-headed boy—oblivious to the issue that affects him so vitally—played with his toy while evidence taken in California was read in support of the allegation that he is not Mrs. Slingsby's child.

Mrs. Slingsby is the wife of Mr. Charles Henry Reynard Slingsby, of Scriven Hall, near Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. They say that Teddy is their child, born at San Francisco on September 1, 1910, and therefore heir to the Slingsby estates.

Mr. Slingsby's brothers oppose the claim, and assert that Teddy is the child of a girl named Lillian Anderson, and that Mrs. Slingsby procured him through a Dr. Fraser directly after he was born and passed him off as her own.

The hearing was again adjourned.

CHILD'S HOROSCOPE.

The evidence was read of Mrs. Effie Fraser, wife of Dr. W. W. Fraser, formerly of Grant-avenue, San Francisco.

Witness said she was present on September 2, 1910, when Mrs. Slingsby took away the child of Lillian Anderson to adopt it. The infant was not many hours old.

Mrs. Slingsby and Mrs. Blain brought clothing for the child.

Did you get any of the 5000sols, your husband received in respect of this case?—No.

Asked about the colour of the baby's eyes, Mrs. Fraser said that babies' eyes changed, and were hard to see.

As far as she remembered, the baby of Lillian Anderson had light-brown hair and light eyes.

"MUST BE A BOY."

A question was put about the witness's objection to Mrs. Slingsby's name being put in place of that of the mother in the birth certificate.

Mrs. Slingsby said she had no objection.

She replied by saying that the substitution would enable her to keep the child and prevent people interfering with it.

The witness said, not thought that Mrs. Slingsby was going to claim to be the actual mother of the child.

Could you describe Mrs. Slingsby?—I think she was fair and rather inclined to be heavy set, of a German cast of countenance. I had the idea she had German blood in her.

At this point counsel, who had been reading the evidence, quoted the advertisement put by Mrs. Slingsby in the *San Francisco Advertiser*:

Wanted to adopt, a new-born child. Must be a boy.

Hannah Anderson, a trained nurse, said she was engaged on September 1, 1910, to attend a case at Dr. Fraser's office.

VERY MUCH "MADE UP."

The next morning the child was taken away by Mrs. Slingsby and her old nurse, Mrs. Blain.

At the office did either of the ladies go into the room and see the mother of the child?—No.

What sort of woman was the one whom you saw Mrs. Slingsby?—Tall, rather slender, neither dark nor fair.

Anything else?—She was very much "made up."

She remembered the date of the child's birth because a woman friend was there and wanted to study the child's horoscope.

"I was signing the affidavit when she was there. She wanted to know the date and hour of the child's birth, so that she could study up its horoscope," added witness, "and we discussed the birth."

What woman was this?—A woman I met in St. Louis.

MINE DISASTER FEARED.

New York, Dec. 15.—A telegram from Montreal says it is admitted by officials there that a Canadian Government steamer has been lost in the Atlantic, probably with all on board.

It is believed the vessel struck a mine off the north of Ireland.—Central News.

"KINGS MUST OBEY ME."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 15.—The Brussels correspondent of the *Telegraaf* says the population of Brussels has been greatly agitated by a proclamation issued by General von Bissing, the new German governor.

He informs the inhabitants that the Belgian authorities have no right to interfere with him by the Crown Prince of Germany and his brother-in-law, Duke Karl of Mecklenburg. As it was Sunday they sent for the curate, whom they instructed under threat to have the organ playing "Die Wacht am Rhein" after Mass.

A paper manufactory at Diest was bombarded and destroyed because the head of the concern refused to work for the Germans, and some 230 houses in one of the suburbs were set on fire.—Exchange Special.

CLOWN PRINCE MUST HAVE HIS TUNE.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 15.—The *Echo Belge* says that Diest (dearly loved) was visited recently by the Crown Prince of Germany and his brother-in-law, Duke Karl of Mecklenburg. As it was Sunday they sent for the curate, whom they instructed under threat to have the organ playing "Die Wacht am Rhein" after Mass.

ALLIES BEGIN NEW ADVANCE WITH VICTORIOUS COMBINED ATTACK

British Seize Wood and Drive Germans from Trenches.

ENEMY'S VIOLENT ATTACKS ALL FAIL.

Captured Positions Held by Allies in Face of Heavy Bombardment.

HUNS' GREAT ACTIVITY TO HOLD ALSACE.

A big combined attack made by the Allies in the North of France has succeeded.

Fighting has recommenced, says an official statement issued yesterday in London, and substantial progress followed the attack by the Allies.

Several German trenches and a number of prisoners have been captured.

Further good news was contained in yesterday's French official report, which stated that the ground won along the Ypres Canal has been retained, despite a vigorous German attack.

The Kaiser is apparently coming to the end of his reserves, for it is stated that the second class of the Landsturm, including all men between the ages of thirty-nine and forty-five who have never done any military service have now been called up.

FOE'S TRENCHES RUSHED IN BIG ADVANCE.

Allies, Making Substantial Progress in North of France, Take Batch of Prisoners.

The following official statement on the situation in the north of France was issued in London yesterday:

After a period of comparative quiet, fighting in Northern France has recommenced.

A combined attack by the Allies was made yesterday on a line from Hollebeke to Wyteschaete. German trenches and a number of German prisoners have been captured and substantial progress has been made.

BRITISH CAPTURE A WOOD

PARIS, Dec. 15.—The following official communiqué was issued at 3 p.m.:

From the sea to the Lys the British have captured a small wood to the west of Wyteschaete. The ground won yesterday by our troops along the Ypres Canal and west of Hollebeke has been retained, notwithstanding a vigorous counter-attack by the enemy.

From the Somme to the Argonne there have been intermittent bombardments of little severity, except in the region of Crouy.

In the Argonne we have made some progress and maintained our advance of the preceding days.

In the Vosges the station of St. Leonard, south of St. Die, has been violently bombarded from a great distance by the Germans.

In Alsace the enemy's artillery has been very active.

Except at Steinbach, where an attack by German infantry from Uffholtz succeeded in gaining a footing, we have everywhere maintained our previous progress.—Reuter.

GERMANS ON THE MOVE.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 14.—The correspondent of the *Tijd* at Turnhout says there is great activity at the station of Leopoldsburg.

An important concentration of transport and troops is taking place in the north of the province of Antwerp. Some of the men are going in the direction of Turnhout and Hoogerstraten, while others are moving southward to Heyst.

The Sluis correspondent states that the Germans have conveyed the wounded from Bruges to the interior in considerable haste.

The population of Bruges believed that this action has been taken in consequence of a victory by the Allies, but it appears that the removal was in order to make room for other wounded who will soon arrive in Bruges.—Central News.

THREE KINGS IN COUNCIL.

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 14.—On the invitation of the King of Sweden on Friday, December 13, there will be a meeting, at Malmo (Sweden), of the Kings of Sweden, Denmark and Norway, who will be accompanied by their respective Ministers for Foreign Affairs.

A special object of the conference will be to afford an opportunity of deliberating on the means to be employed for the purpose of restricting and diminishing the economic difficulties arising from the three countries from the present war.—Reuter.



Japanese ammunition wagons moving off from the ammunition store at a Japanese base. The Japanese ammunition and transport are both splendid.

"JIG-SAW DETECTIVES" OF THE ARMY.

Soldiers in the Firing Line Listen by Electrophone to Concert Eight Miles Away.

Although Tommy Atkins is in the firing line, he sometimes listens to a concert programme. "Eye-Witness," who is with the British Army at the front, in his latest account says:—

As an instance of some of the refinements of active service to which we are being introduced, it may be mentioned that the men in certain front-line trenches have been regaling themselves by listening on the telephone to a gramophone concert eight miles away.

In referring to the Intelligence Department he says their work "resembles that of a detective or framer of a jig-saw puzzle."

TERRORS FOR GERMANS.

The following are extracts from "Eye-Witness's" narrative, which is dated December 10: For December 6, 7, 8, and 9, the operations of the Army have been of the same character as for the past three weeks. The tale of minor events is as follows:—

On Sunday, the 6th, on our right our howitzers obtained direct hits on two German gun emplacements, whilst other guns shelled some of the enemy's trenches with good effect.

There are grounds for believing that in this portion of our front the activity of our infantry in sniping, backed up by the fire of our artillery and the ingenuity of the sappers in devising new methods of causing annoyance, has rendered the enemy somewhat uneasy. The quiet of the nights being continually broken by spasmodic outbursts of musketry from the German trenches and the frequent firing of star shells.

These precautionary outbursts, however, are perhaps not altogether unjustified, for Gurkhas are unpleasant enemies on dark nights, and in many places the trenches of the Indians and the Germans are only a few yards apart.

CIVILIAN SPY.

Evidence of spying on the part of civilians was obtained on this day. A man in plain clothes was observed in the hostile trenches pointing out our positions.

"Eye-Witness" devotes a very considerable portion of his narrative to describing the work of the Intelligence Department of the Army. He says:—

There are various ways of acquiring intelligence which are universally practised.

They are broadly Reconnaissance, whether it be by cavalry, infantry, or both, by motor-cycle or aircraft; the employment of spies, or, as they are more commonly called, "agents"; and the collection of such information as can be gained from an inspection of the uniforms worn by the dead or by prisoners, and from the papers carried by or the cross-examination of the latter.

The employment of agents is on occasion the most wholesale way in which intelligence can be gained, and at its best it furnishes a broader basis upon which to build than the others.

The work of such persons does not always depend on the accuracy of vision of an individual, which is a very variable quality, but is often established on statements of facts pro-

duced with the greatest care by the enemy for his own use.

On the other hand, it is absolutely dependent on the folly of a class which is universally looked upon with distrust and on the ability of an individual to discriminate between what is true and what may be fiction purposely arranged for his benefit.

It is a slow method, the transmission of the news gained being of necessity mostly effected through devious channels.

It is also unreliable as to the quantity and frequency of the information furnished.

Lastly, comes the third method mentioned.

WHEN PRISONERS TALK.

If a prisoner gives away information, either through stupidity or from a desire to curry favour and to better his lot, a good deal may be attained at one bound.

Communications from prisoners, also, are to be accepted with reserve.

In the direction of identification the activity of an Intelligence Section is largely confined to the examination of the badges or equipment worn by the dead and by prisoners.

The personality of the individual, of course, has no military value; but the identity of disas and effects of the dead are carefully guarded for eventual return to their Government.

The examination of letters, diaries and orders also carries a great deal of attention.

"Eye-Witness" then points out vital information can be extracted from the fact of even a single soldier killed or captured at a certain spot with a certain battalion.

PICKING UP A CLUE.

The result of ascertaining that this battalion was at that point at a given time may lead to the first suspicion that a much larger formation to which that battalion belongs is not somewhere else where its presence has been assumed.

The art of mystifying the enemy is discussed by "Eye-Witness," and he tells how Marshal Oyama, in the Russo-Japanese war, sent a fraction of his third army in one direction in order to cause the Russians to transfer strength to that quarter, and so away from where the main stroke was to fall. The ruse succeeded.

"INVASION REPORTS."

Similarly, reports of an intended invasion of England may be spread by the enemy in the hope of causing a dislocation of plans, of which full advantage can be taken.

Misleading reports of this nature are usually set in circulation by those interested, and spread either by the enemy or by those who are possibly allowed to overhear carefully arranged conversations held for their benefit; by means of espionage doubles, or agents in the pay of both sides; by common traitors willing to sell their own nation; or by men working patriotically for their country who have an intimate acquaintance with the enemy nation.

As an example of this may be mentioned the presence at the capital of a neutral country of a German officer who was for some years stationed in London and has an intimate knowledge of our naval, military, political and social life, and has probably made such a deep study of our national psychology that he would be well equipped to play on our idiosyncrasies.

INVISIBLE INK TRICK.

There was a sequel yesterday to the riot at the Aliens' Detention Camp, in the Isle of Man, when one of the prisoners, named Kurt Vansach, was tried before a court-martial at Douglas. He was charged with stirring up disaffection and urging prisoners to refuse their food, and also with inciting certain prisoners to prepare for "something awful to happen."

Prisoner pleaded not guilty, and at his request Baron von Holler, who is interned in the Douglas Camp, acted as his adviser.

The Court adjourned.

Another prisoner, named Otto Luz, was also tried upon charges at Douglas. He was found guilty of attempting to communicate with the enemy.

Prisoner wrote under the postage stamps of letters written to Gulle Luz, of Wurttemberg, and also in the body of the letter in invisible ink.

The sentence was not made known.

SULTAN'S BERLIN ACCENT.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 15.—A Constantinople telegram states that the Sultan in his speech from the throne at the opening of the Turkish Parliament declared:—

"We were just in the best way to give reforms in the interior a fresh impetus, when suddenly the great crisis broke out.

"While our Government was firmly resolved to observe the strictest neutrality, our fleet was attacked in the Black Sea by the Russian Fleet.

"England and France then began actual hostilities by sending troops to our frontiers.

"Therefore I declared a state of war.

"These Powers as a necessity compelled us to resist by armed force the policy of destruction which at all times was pursued against the Islamic world by England, Russia and France, and assumed the character of a religious persecution.

"In conformity with the Fetwas, I called all Moslems to a Holy War. Reuter.

HOW SERBS WON BACK THEIR CAPITAL.

Triumphal Entry Into Belgrade Which Austrians Held for Only Eleven Days.

FRENZIED POPULACE.

How the Serbians won back Belgrade after an Austrian occupation, which lasted only eleven days, is described in an official communiqué from Nish.

Completely defeated in a great battle, the Austrians evacuated the Serbian capital and fled across the Danube and the San. Then, amidst scenes of frenzied enthusiasm, the victorious Serbian Army marched into Belgrade.

CROWNING STROKE.

The re-entry of our valiant Serbian Allies into Belgrade, their capital, is the crowning stroke of a magnificent feat of arms.

By falling back from their capital to the mountains, they lured the Austrians into Serbia. Then the Serbians turned, pounced upon the Austrians, recaptured their capital, and again invaded Bosnia.

Here, in diary form, is the story of the Austro-Serbian war:—

July 29.—Presentation of Austro-Hungarian Note to Serbia, who is given forty-eight hours to reply.

July 30.—Bombardment of Belgrade.

August 10.—Serbian victory over 100,000 Austrians at Sablatz.

Sept. 18.—Serbian victory near Racha.

Sept. 20.—Serbians recapture the Hungarian town of Semlin, opposite Belgrade, on the River Save.

Oct. 4.—Serbs surround Srebrenice, the capital of the Austrian province of Bosnia.

Oct. 21.—Serbian troops of the Drina division, co-operating with the Montenegrins, defeat Austrians.

Nov. 11.—Austrians invade Serbia, and Serbians withdraw from the Valjevo line.

Dec. 8.—Austrians enter Belgrade, the news being announced in grandiloquent terms to the Emperor Francis Joseph on the sixty-sixth anniversary of his accession.

Dec. 9.—Serbians drive back Austrians, recapturing Valjevo and Ushitoe after six days' battle, taking 100 officers and 20,000 men prisoners, and securing seventy of the enemy's guns and fifty mitrailleurs.

Dec. 10.—Serbian troops re-enter Belgrade.

It will thus be seen that the Austrian occupation of the Serbian capital lasted only eleven days!

HOW VICTORY WAS WON.

ROME, Dec. 15.—The Serbian Legation has issued the following communiqué:—

The battle to the south of Belgrade, in which three Austrian army corps were engaged, ended in a complete victory for the Serbians.

The enemy fled in great disorder across the Danube and the San, evacuating Belgrade.

All Serbian territory has now been freed of the enemy except Sablatz and Loznica.

The triumphal entry of the Serbian troops into Belgrade was marked by indescribable scenes of enthusiasm.

The King and the Princes have received the congratulations of all the Governments of the Allies.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 14.—The official report from Vienna states the Austrian offensive continued from the Drina in a westerly direction, but was checked south-east of Valjevo by superior hostile forces. Therefore we were obliged to retire.

The same report admits that the Austrian losses were very heavy during the last few weeks, adding: "On the other hand, we conquered Belgrade."—Central News.

HAVE AUSTRIANS ASKED FOR PEACE TERMS?

Negotiations Said To Have Fallen Through Because Russia's Terms Were Too Hard.

The Exchange Company's special correspondent at Berne, writing under date December 10, states:—

"The *Journal de Geneve* learns by an indirect route from Austria that, according to a current rumour, a tentative appeal to Russia for peace has recently been made by the Government of the Dual Monarchy.

Russia's reply took the form of the following demands:—

"The surrender of Galicia to Poland, both to be constituted a kingdom under the sceptre of the Tsar.

"The surrender of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Serbia.

"Withdrawal from the alliance with Germany.

"The constitution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy into two States, one of which should be autonomous Bohemia."

The newspaper adds that, as the Austrian Government felt the conditions were too hard, the negotiations were not continued.

The Most Economical Food for Your Baby is either Breast Milk or Glaxo.

Pure, easily digestible milk is the only food suitable for a young baby, and contains everything baby needs. Glaxo is milk enriched with extra cream and made pure and easily digestible. It costs you but a trifle more than ordinary milk. That is why Glaxo is not only the one safe alternative for breast-milk, but is also more economical than foods which have to be mixed with milk to make them nourishing.

NATURE provides Breast Milk for baby, and, so long as it is rich and plentiful enough, it is the best food baby can have. But if it is absent, or if it does not satisfy baby, then the one safe and most economical alternative is Glaxo.—The food that Builds Bonnie Babies.

Glaxo is the food that doctors recommend and rear their own babies on. A doctor writes to us as follows: "My experience of Glaxo in dozens of cases, extending over many years, enables me to recommend it with absolute confidence as being a facile principle either to supplement or, if need be, to entirely take the place of mother's milk."

"I enclose for your satisfaction a photo of one twin aged 11 months entirely fed on Glaxo since two months old—the maternal supply having failed. They are bright, sharp, healthy babies and weigh 22lb. and 20lb. respectively."

(Signed) —, L.R.C.P. and S.I.

Breast milk does not contain Starch, Flour, Malt or Cane Sugar, neither does Glaxo. Glaxo is entirely pure, fresh milk, enriched with extra cream and milk-sugar, is made into Glaxo, and so that it shall be delivered to the Glaxo factory within a few hours of its being drawn from the cow, and is immediately pasteurised and filtered and the necessary cream and milk-sugar added. All the natural sweetness and purity is permanently retained by the Glaxo Process, which dries the milk and cream to a powder and also causes the

only the very best milk to be quite fresh, the milk is delivered to the Glaxo factory within a few hours of its being drawn from the cow, and is immediately pasteurised and filtered and the necessary cream and milk-sugar added. All the natural sweetness and purity is permanently retained by the Glaxo Process, which dries the milk and cream to a powder and also causes the nourishing curd of the milk subsequently to form into light, flaky particles easily digested by even a very weak baby. As a well-known doctor has said: "Glaxo is superior to (ordinary) cow's milk for infants, being so much more digestible, and should be absolutely invaluable to mothers who for any reason cannot satisfy their infants."

(Signed) —
M. R. C. S.
L. R. C. P.



"A perfect Baby fed on a perfect Food."



"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Is, &c., of, of all Chemists and Stores.

Glaxo is British Made and British Owned, and only British Labour is employed. Like all things British, Glaxo is thoroughly reliable and genuine.

Ask your Doctor!

Choosing a food for baby because it is cheap and then having to change it, because Baby gets fretful and loses weight, is expensive, because not only has the money spent on this food been wasted, but it costs more money still to get baby well again. Give Baby Glaxo from the start—it is far cheaper in the end, for every drop of Glaxo does Baby good—not an ounce is wasted.

Two letters from the same Doctor.

"Glaxo has been recommended to me for our baby (now a month old) by a friend of mine who is a well-known West End specialist on diseases of children. The child was quite unable to digest even very diluted Cow's milk, and he was fretful and losing weight. Glaxo has now been tried for a week, with the result that during this time the child gained ten ounces in weight, sleeps well and all the symptoms of indigestion have disappeared. I write this unsolicited for you to advertise as you wish, provided you do not disclose my name and address, as I am a medical man, and I do so because I do not think such a good food as Glaxo can be brought before the public by the Medical Profession too strongly."

(Signed) —, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., M.O.H.

"This last week the child has gained 11½ ounces and still continues to improve in health. I am frequently coming across babies suffering from improper feeding. It has occurred to me that Glaxo is the ideal for such people to use for their children, because it is not only perfect from a scientific point of view, but it is so easily prepared. Milk or cream is not required because Glaxo itself is milk and cream, so there is no heavy milk bill to pay. You simply add boiling water to Glaxo. For night feeds this is an obvious advantage. The amount of Glaxo required can be measured into a cup before you go to bed, and at feeding-time all you have to do is just to mix it with boiling or nearly boiling water from a food warmer or thermos flask. In two minutes Baby's Glaxo is ready!"

(Signed) —, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., M.O.H.

How right is this doctor, is proved by the fact that for over six years Glaxo has been continuously used by several Municipal Health Authorities, one alone having used over 70,000lbs. of Glaxo since 1908. In preparing Glaxo—you simply add boiling water. No cooking; no elaborate mixing; no risk of making a serious mistake; no delay—so that baby does not become angry and screaming with increasing hunger. Milk or cream is not required because Glaxo itself is milk and cream, so there is no heavy milk bill to pay. You simply add boiling water to Glaxo. For night feeds this is an obvious advantage. The amount of Glaxo required can be measured into a cup before you go to bed, and at feeding-time all you have to do is just to mix it with boiling or nearly boiling water from a food warmer or thermos flask. In two minutes Baby's Glaxo is ready!

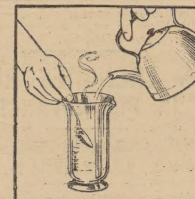
You have only to give your Baby Glaxo for a few days to see how good it is for him, how simple it is to prepare, and what a comfort it is to you. The characteristic cry of the non-thriving baby ceases when he is put on Glaxo—the pained, drawn, weary look in the eyes gives place to a bright look of happy contentment. Give your Baby Glaxo and before very long you will be able to say of your Baby what the mother who sent us the photo we show here said—"A perfect Baby fed on a perfect Food."



1 Lever off the top lid. Pierce lower lid at arrow's point and lever off as shown. Do not cut round lower lid—it is unnecessary.



2 Take out measure. Cut away top of parchment bag inside tin. Take out some Glaxo with a teaspoon and fill the measure, scraping level as shown. Do not dip measure into the Glaxo.



3 Put required number of measures of Glaxo into a cup or measuring glass. (See directions on tin.) Add a little boiling water and stir to the consistency of thick cream.



4 Add full amount of water according to directions, stirring all the time. Pour into Baby's bottle and shake bottle to aerate the food. Immediately it is cool enough Baby's Glaxo is ready.

OUR OFFER



British Made and The Best.

"The Practitioner" says:—"We have carefully examined the Glaxo Feeder, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best that has come to our notice. It is remarkably simple, easily cleaned; does not crack when put from hot into cold liquids; its dosage can be accurately measured from both ends; the valve and teat cannot be pulled off by baby while feeding. Its shape is an immense improvement on the usual style."



Feeder complete in box with Teat and Valve, 1s. Spare bottles, 7d. each. Teats, 3d. each. Valves, 2d. each. If your chemist cannot supply you, send P.O. direct to Glaxo 45B, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

FULL INDEX OF THE GLAXO BABY BOOK

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Cost of rearing a baby on Glaxo	Measles	Typhoid Fever (see fever)
Croup	Meat Juice	Vaccination
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	Mumps	Whooping Cough
		When Baby goes out

Proprietors: J. Nathan and Co., Ltd., Wellington, N.Z., and London.

Post this Coupon To-day

or a Postcard
To GLAXO, 45B, King's Road,
St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to everyone who loves a baby.

Name

Address

Chemist's Name

Address

N.B.—If 5d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a large Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book.

D.M.P. 10/14

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1914.

CHRISTMAS HESITATIONS.

OUR READERS have lately been discussing the right attitude towards the Christmas season of expenditure, eating, and good wishes this year.

With many of them the obvious clash between the moral meaning of the season and the facts of the situation seems to call either for a suspension of hostilities during the feast, or for a suspension of the feast itself.

Now a cessation of fighting is clearly a dream: Prussian respect for such amiable arrangements is not sufficiently reliable. And a truce to festivities, dozens of our correspondents declare, would be "hard on the little ones," whose illness-producing delights are so eagerly expected for the twenty-fifth. Yet what grown-up, with friends at the front or in camp, relishes the thought of crackers and conundrums, wine and mistletoe, while those brave people are, to say the least of it, not so comfortably placed? Some of us, indeed, are at a loss to trace the connection between Christmas and crackers—a religious festival and pre-ordained domestic imbecility—in any year; this year doubly and trebly does it seem incomprehensible—even cruel.

There was then—we seemed to perceive it—a kind of doubt about that preliminary training for Christmas that ought normally to have begun a week or two ago.

In the midst of this doubt, a sort of compromise was suggested. It was hinted that the children might enjoy themselves, and overeat and drink and be loaded feverishly with presents as usual; but that the elders in their melancholy should sit unmoved about the board and *not* enjoy themselves; because they might be conceived, under such circumstances, to "know better." Thus a divided Christmas would be achieved, only the comparatively innocent ignoring the unhappiness of 1914.

All these suggestions will, however, almost certainly fall down before the old, the iterated argument about "spending money as usual." Already are heard screeching down letter-boxes, plaintive down areas, the voices of the waits wailing for their annual fee. Suddenly to open the front door and curse them may in some hearts be the impulse of the moment. Only an impulse! Second thoughts remind us that these weedy songsters are probably hard-up. An anti-Nietzschean pity overcomes the householder. These waits would no doubt be better at the front—at the very front. But being here they are here and something must be done with or for them. The meditated curse dies upon the lips. Anyhow, this inopportune screeching may cease if you hand it the customary pence. "Now go away, dears, please, and don't come back till 1915, if there's any Christmas, or anybody to celebrate it, or anybody else to wait about it, then."

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 15.—The clematis is one of our most beautiful climbers. There are many precious sorts that flower from the spring until the autumn. The clematis should be given a rich soil (that contains some lime) and should be planted rather deeply. The roots are best obtained in pots, and may be set out any time during suitable weather.

These lovely climbers can be cultivated in many positions—on walls, arches and pillars—but perhaps they look prettiest when allowed to ramble over some old tree-stump. The strong growers (such as montana) make a delightful show when planted against a tree. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us be on guard against yielding to feelings, instead of striving in every word and thought to meet the difficulties which beset us. —B. Jovett.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

TINS OF LARD FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

I HAVE JUST returned from France and would venture to make two suggestions. One is—that the soldiers would be very grateful if their friends would send them small tins of lard, this being an old-fashioned but most efficacious precaution against frostbite; the other is—that all senders of parcels, whether by post or through the military forwarding department, should use printed or typed labels, more particularly when brown paper is the wrapping medium. This would greatly facilitate the safe and speedy arrival of parcels. MURIEL CLIVE, 21, Chester-street, S.W.

"ONLY A SHILLING."

YOUR correspondent who signs herself "For Our Own Sex" strikes a truly human and practical note. It is comforting to know that at

nature. On the other hand, the noble sacrifices which are being made to-day in this country by rich and poor alike constitute the better part of human nature.

There can be no doubt that we are rising in the scale of evolution, and with us our ideals rise, too—so that there is a constant sense of improvement.

We feel the absurdity and injustice of war; we feel that it is below the standard of morality to which we have risen. Surely what is this but a heralding, an indication of a higher nature within us in the process of evolution? HENRY ROSE.

THE WAR'S INFLUENCE.

ONE OF YOUR leading articles remarked some time ago that there was less illness than before the war. This the writer attributed to the fact that there was "something else to think about."

WHAT THE WILLIES TOLD THE TURK—



—that he was perfectly safe in his own seas and had nothing to fear from Britain: a statement that sounds out of date since the exploit of submarine B 11.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

least one has at heart those of us who are unfortunate enough to have only a "gentler occupation" to follow, with nothing more useful to turn to at this crisis in order to live.

"For Our Own Sex" will have done a pathetic majority an inestimable service if those in authority will emphasise her views in dealing promptly and effectively with the problem. Otherwise starvation, if not something worse, is inevitable. Surely a pitiable state of affairs in a country such as ours!

ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

WAR AND PROGRESS.

MY ATTENTION has been directed to various references made by your correspondents to my remarks under the heading, "When War Shall Cease."

I must acknowledge that their observations appear to me amazingly shallow, since they seek to maintain that we today are no better than our primeval ancestors.

They fail to conceive the fact that there is in man a dual nature: German aggression is not human nature, it is the essence of animal

That may be true, and it would be a great pity to relapse after the war. Could not we manage then to get "something else to think about" also when the war is over?

W. S. E.

IT MAY BE that people are a little politer in tube and train than they were before the war. On the other hand, I have not noticed that these are in the least quicker.

Their slowness in moving in, up and out is as remarkable as ever.

The selfishness of the manner in which they stand and discuss things at the ticket-office is as annoying as before.

In fact, in this respect I must say I see no change at all. C. L.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of "Big and Little Willies." It costs 6d. net, postage 2½d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Are Domestic Servants Any Easier to Find Than in Peace Time?

"NO SERVANTS."

THERE are one or two things I should like to bring to the notice of "K," whose letter appeared in *The Daily Mirror* on Saturday.

She complains of the fact that, in spite of there being 40,000 women out of work, she has difficulty in obtaining a general servant at £20 a year wages.

She appears to overlook the fact that unemployment does not exist amongst domestic servants (general or otherwise), but amongst those women and girls who before the war were accustomed to earning their living as typists, shop assistants, etc.

Many of these would be only too thankful, I have no doubt, to get a situation in "service"; but there is one thing in nearly every case that prevents them, and that is lack of experience.

They may know how to do a little housework, or even a little cooking, but there are a hundred and one things which the average servant is expected to know, which these women and girls would be utterly ignorant of—such little things as waiting at table, answering doors and serving meals, and I take it that "K" would expect some experience as she pays good wages. EDITH H. HARRIS.

PLENTY OF SERVANTS.

PERSONALLY I have had not the smallest difficulty in finding servants since the war began.

So many people are dismissing excellent maids, "for the sake of economy," and these maids, some what humbled in spirit, are even in some cases glad to get good positions for rather smaller wages than they have lately been receiving. H. F.

"OVER-EDUCATION."

I QUITE agree with your correspondent of yesterday as regards the subject of unemployment.

Considering the difficulty of obtaining a servant of any kind, however incompetent, even at a good wage, and the difficulty also of finding a dressmaker, seamstress, etc., or any useful person of that kind, all this talk of unemployment seems to me rather superfluous. The fact is, we are no longer in "the good old days," and young people will not put their shoulder to the wheel.

They are over-educated in a shallow way, and feel themselves too good for the ordinary routine of every day work.

December 13, OSBORNE.

WORK FOR BELGIANS.

COULD NOT some of the stranded Belgians be taken into domestic service since your correspondents seem to find it hard to find servants just now? L. M. C.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

I NOTICED the other day a long list of employment for which it was proposed to train young women for domestic service.

vice was not named. No wonder sorely-tried housekeepers feel cool as to giving shillings—even one shilling—to these benevolent societies that night, at all events, try to kill two birds with one stone—i.e., by giving an elementary training in domestic work to these unemployed maidens, on the one hand, and by relieving the sorely-tried and servantless housekeepers on the same time. L. C. P.

THE YEAR.

The crocus, while the days are dark,
Unfolds its saffron shen;
At April's touch, the crudest bark
Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
While slowly swells the pod
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The wintry falls the frozen rind
Is bound with silver bars;
The snow-drift heaves against the hut;
And night is pierce—

—CONVENT PATRICK

PROTECTED TOMMIES AND A PROTECTED GUN.

9.331A



The British soldier and the British gun are both well protected. Our soldiers at the front are now protected against the cold by sheepskin coats and our big guns are carefully protected by cleverly designed concealments from the enemy's observation. The picture shows a group of field artillery officers round a big gun in France. They all look quite snug.

WHITE MOU

P.16779



The widow and little

DIED YESTERDAY.

P.16719



The Right Hon. Edmund Robert Wodehouse, whose death occurred yesterday. He lived a varied and distinguished life.

RAW TURKEY.

9.1125



This is some of the raw material for Turkey's Army. They are recruits from Anatolia, and are on their way to Stamboul to undergo military training.

WAR ROMANCE.

P.16749



Miss Ida Tinsley, who has just married Lieutenant Richard William Payne, who received promotion on the battlefield for distinguished service.

P.16779



Lieutenant Payne, who had four days' leave and got married.

SLOW ADVANCE.

9.1125



This is a Russian military motor-car at the front in Poland. The roads are like ploughed fields.



The funeral processi

Picturesque scenes at the funeral of the cruiser Takachiho, which was sunk. Tributes were carried in the procession.

IN JAPAN.



to at the funeral.



were all in white.
even other officers of the Japanese
do off Tsingtau. Banners bear-
rers were robed in white, which

SINGING "TIPPERARY" TO FRENCH VILLAGERS.



This is an impromptu and alfresco concert given in a French village by the members of a British supply column, who entertained an audience of French villagers by singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" and other well-known British songs. The audience liked the tunes very much indeed, although they did not understand the words. They know the spirit of the songs.

PROFESSOR WEDS.



Mrs. Amabel Nevill Mosely, widow of Professor Mosely, of Oxford, who is married to-day to Professor William Johnson Sollas.



Professor Sollas is a Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford.

THE SULTAN PRAYS.



The Sultan of Turkey holding public prayer before the Sublime Porte for victory of the Turkish troops. German soldiers were present.

DEATH CHEATED.



A. E. Morant was transferred from the Bulwark to the Excellent before the Bulwark was lost. His parents thought him dead.

OUR FOOTBALL.



One of The Daily Mirror footballs at the front in a game that brought relief from the trenches.

By Appointment to



His Majesty the King.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

Extract from 'Evening News,' Dec. 3rd, 1914, from the Front:

"Our menu consists of: For Breakfast, 'Milkless Tea'
... For Tea, 'More Milkless Tea' ..."

So if you want to save our soldiers
from "MILKLESS TEA," send them
some tins of NESTLÉ'S MILK.

"THE RICHEST IN CREAM"

BUT NOW

REDUCED IN PRICE

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

If any Canteen, Grocer, or Store is out of stock, please send a line to
NESTLÉ'S, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

Contractors to His Majesty's Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces.

To-day the name HOLBROOK

is in everybody's
mouth.

What about the
SAUCE?

WAR SOUVENIR XMAS PRESENTS

ALL SOLID SILVER. Beautifully Enamelled. Correct Colours. Complete in Souvenir Cases. POST FREE.

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SOLID SILVER.

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Bands.

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In velvet-lined case.

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AND BLUE.



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Flags. Also chased in sets of six. State Flag required.

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SOLID SILVER.

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THE ALLIES PENCIL.

JUST THE THING FOR

THOSE ON SERVICE.

3/6

with Souvenir Case

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Enamelled Six Flags

and Engraved on Re-

verse side as illus-

trated.

FOR 'A SCRAP OF PAPER' 1914

UNITED FLAG PRINCE OF WALES BROOCHES.



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PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

From the sale of either model 6d. is given

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These Brooches, which absolutely Cure Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Insomnia, and all kindred complaints, we have decided to give a quantity away. They have cured thousands. Why not you? Write today for size card, sheet of routine testimonials, and particulars of our Free Offer. We also warn the public against worthless (often dangerous) imitations of our wonderful rings. Write now to

CAIVANC RING CO. (Dept. 24), Kew, London.



IVELCON FOR THE ALLIES.

Extract from a letter in "The Times," 1st December, from an officer in an Indian Regiment:

"We have taken to making our own soup from the 'Ivelcon' tin I brought from home; it is a welcome change from bully beef, so will you please send me another tin?" Send some to your soldier relatives and friends, they will appreciate it? Sold by Grocers:—

6 cubes 6d.; 12, 1/-; 50, 3s. 6d.

Ivelcon War Series, No. 7.

St. Ivel, Ltd., Yeovil.

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE

Sandoz's Health & Strength Cocoa

THIS GREAT STORY IS A BIG SUCCESS. BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

SYLVIA CRAVEN is trying to complete an exquisite piece of embroidery at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street. She is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrist and draws her towards him steadily. There is a movement behind the half-closed door; a girl's faint cry and a man's half-smothered exclamation. Very quietly Mrs. Cunliffe enters. Mrs. Cunliffe is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy—jealousy of Sylvia's attractions for Lane of her youth and looks. She refuses to listen to Sylvia. "I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips. And it will be useless for you to refer any future employer to me."

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives, of the disaster that has happened. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass. You have made me feel better, you have strengthened me; you always do," she says with a little laugh. It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her. To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid. She has a deep-down affection for him which she is forced to keep to herself.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair. The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

"Beloved, the world has fallen about my ears, and I sit here to write a last letter to you before the darkness swallows me up for ever. John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is ruined. Sylvia sits there, from Sylvia hears, to her horror, John Hillier blind and fifted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her. She is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She knows that Valerie is alike, and their voices are very similar. "If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Masalla, in India, John Hillier is sitting in an attitude of intent listening, as he has been sitting for many months. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply. "It is Valerie," says a girl's voice, almost in a whisper.

Hillier believes it to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia is alone and wants love for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier. The next day Sylvia hears, to her horror, that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after hearing that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes. But she does not tell Hillier when she meets him. "I shall tell him in my own time," she threatens Sylvia. That night at dinner she tells Hillier that she has some remarkable news for him.

THE LIVES BETWEEN.

A STRANGE feeling of unreality held Sylvia as she sat motionless there, at the other side of the table, watching the faces of the man and the woman who appeared for the moment to have forgotten her completely.

It was like watching some tense, dramatic moment in some stage play being enacted in a foreign tongue.

Strong passions, strange passions, were (Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

plainly visible in both absorbed faces; passions the watching girl was incapable of understanding. Youth and softness, all the tender qualities of womanhood seemed to have been sponged from Valerie's face by her emotion, as a child sponges figures from a slate.

It was as though a mask, fretted with ugly lines, eager, hard, rapacious, had been drawn over it. It filled Sylvia with a sense of repulsion to see something of its look reflected, as it were in a mirror, on the blind man's face.

"What is this news?" There was a note in Hillier's impatient voice that Sylvia had never heard before; a note of sharp command, that Valerie obeyed, almost mechanically, as it seemed to Sylvia, watching her intently.

"My news is that Sir Denis Hillier is dying, perhaps is already dead," she said. There was a pause, as though Hillier waited for other words to follow. They were not spoken. Abruptly he threw back his head and broke into laughter.

"Is that your news? Good heavens, I thought I hardly knew what I thought! I thought you footed me no Sylvia, I admit it. I suppose, you misguided child, you had immediate visions of my stepping into my cousin's shoes, his £20,000 a year and what else besides. Calm yourself, infant. He has two stalwart sons, not to mention a posse of grandsons, for aught I know to the contrary. One of my worthy cousins married."

His laughter did not ring true. He was disconcerted—Sylvia was aware of this. But even yet she did not wholly understand the position or what Valerie meant. Sir Denis Hillier was Jack's disagreeable and wealthy cousin, between Jack and whose love, for whatever reason, he went back beyond Jack himself to his father. . . . but what did Valerie mean? She had not changed her position, and her absorbed face betrayed no chagrin at Jack's laughter.

It was no subject for laughter, either. Sir Denis has neither sons nor grandchildren. Both his sons were drowned in a yachting cruise—some where near the Shetlands—just a week before I left England. The blow has practically killed their father. He had a seizure of some kind and was not expected to last for many days. George Hillier, the eldest son, was married, but his only child died at five months of age. Don't you understand what that means for you, Jack?"

There was a strange note in the beautiful voice—a note of brooding tenderness. The sound of it stirred waves of pain about Sylvia's heart.

Did he understand? Yes, he understood so well that the thrill of the understanding and the sense of joy that it brought to him filled him with an uncomfortable accompanying shame. It meant that because four lives, two of them young and strong and filled with the joy of living, had been swept relentlessly from the chessboard of life, that he could . . . go softly all his days?

No, no, that was not for a moment did any such thought of self sully his mind; but it meant that he could make some return to this woman he loved, who had married him—blind and useless as he was—stepping down in all the strength of love and beauty to lift him up out of the slough of his despair and misery. . . . He could give her a beautiful place in the world; bring all those dreams that women dream true. . . . And dreams of his own also. One dream that he had nourished in secret, nourished with a sort of hopeless bitterness. He could return to Europe and consult, not Marazoff only, but every oculist of renown. . . .

Valerie, watching him, read his heart as though it had been her own. He was thinking of the dreams they had dreamed together . . . her dreams . . . in the past—in those days of courtship in England. He was telling himself that now he could make the lightest of them a living reality.

And between herself and her dreams there stood Jack Hillier's wife . . . this woman who had stolen him from her by a lie. . . . stood like a barrier, out out of the face of the living road for whatever might happen, nothing could alter this one supreme fact. . . . she was his wife, bound fast to him by the chains of the law. Valerie's hand clenched as it lay on the table, and the stones in the rings on the long, slim white fingers twinkled like evil eyes. Strange passions, strong passions were at work in this room that had seen the fall of the curtain on the last act in another tragedy—hatred and envy and malice, brooding on the silence, like a tangible presence.

A swift revelation came to Sylvia: it was to bring her home to Jack. It was to tell her that it was a rich man that Valerie had travelled out from England. Jack, as rich as, and possibly richer than Sir George Clair, had become suddenly the most desirable of lovers.

Sylvia's love for her sister, the love that had been so vital and potent a factor in her life, fluttered and struggled in her heart like a bird that has received a mortal wound.

It was Hillier who broke the silence that had followed Valerie's words. He rose from the table, pushing back his chair. "Yes, if what you say is true, it means a calamity in our lives, Valerie and Sylvia. Sir Denis Hillier's next-of-kin, far though he hated me, he has not the right to leave the estate away from me. I—I—it's shameful, I suppose, but I can't pretend that I'm sorry. . . . for your sake, I can't pretend to be sorry that the old man is dead. . . . The boys, of course . . . only—"

The voice he had tried so studiously to make

hard and indifferent failed suddenly. The blind force was like a mask of pain.

"Only, Valerie, it means that I can give you something after all, my darling. Some infinitesimal return for what you have done for me. . . . He paused by her chair, and his hand sought for her shoulder and rested on it with a firm warm pressure. "I can take you home, Valerie . . . think of it—an English home together. . . . He bent his head and his lips rested on her hair. He had completely forgotten the presence of the woman who had given him the news—the woman whose dark brooding eyes watched them, man and wife, like the brooding, watchful eyes of a snake."

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

IT was not till two days later that the cablegram arrived from England to confirm the story which Valerie had told over the dinner-table.

They were two days very full of suffering for Sylvia. Jack had tried her; it had taken all her courage and love to bear up against the nervous irritability that possessed him, and Valerie had been an ever-present figure, silent for the most part, but sneering—a shadow under whose blighting influence everything seemed to go woe and woe.

Sometimes it came to the girl as she lay awake, hour after hour, or stole forth like a sad white ghost on to the balcony to stare with unseeing eyes over the dim mystery of the moonlit world, that it would be far better for her to end it all herself rather than trust to Valerie's forbearance or mercy.

"If I told Jack the truth . . . I told him everything from the first, and trusted to his pity. . . . she whispered sometimes to herself.

Once or twice she had even made pitiful little attempts to make her confession to the man she loved. But Hillier, full of anxiety and suspense, absolutely self-absorbed for the first time in his life, was not the man for such a woman as Sylvia to make confidences to.

"I can't, I can't. . . . Why should I raise my own hand against my own happiness?" she asked herself. For, despite her suffering, in a woman's paradoxical way she was happy. For the present the man she loved was her own possession. The present was all that she dared to look to—the present that with every hour,

every moment, like the magic skin that measured the life of a man in the French tale was shrinking, shrinking into the future. . . .

She was thankful that the cablegram happened to come at a moment when Jack and she were alone. She felt that she would not have been able to read it aloud under the cold stare of those beautiful eyes.

"It has come at last, Jack," she told him.

"Let's hear it!" Jack Hillier's face was like a mask, the face of an absolutely indifferent man, and the word came indistinctly through the teeth that were clenched on the stem of the pipe he continued to smoke. . . . But he was very deeply moved, Sylvia knew that as she watched the throbbing of the nerve in his cheek.

"So, little Sylvia had got hold of the right end of the stick after all," he said.

That was his comment on the news that told him of his cousin's death, of the fact that he had inherited the title that belonged to the head of his family, and had entered into possession of one of the most beautiful old houses in England.

Sylvia waited for him to speak. The flimsy sheet with the momentous stencilled lines pasted upon it was caught very tightly in her trembling little hand.

It was evening, and they were sitting near the long window of the drawing-room, that opened on to the garden where the dead Englishwoman for whom the bungalow had been built, had tried to create an English garden, here in this alien land. The window was open and the scent of jasmine and roses came to them on the air that had no longer the sting of sunset chill in its breath.

Valerie had gone to her room almost immediately after dinner. Her head ached, she said she had been unusually silent throughout the meal.

"Valerie—let us go out," Hillier said suddenly. "I can't speak here. We may be interrupted, and to-night of all nights I wish to be alone with you."

There was an inflection of tenderness in his voice that sent a thrill across her nerves. "Very well," she said. She caught up a scarf from a chair where it lay and pushed the window wider that they might pass out together.

There was no moon to-night, but the sky was bright with stars and the garden glimmered greyly in their light. Glancing at the man at her side, Sylvia could only see the dim outline of his profile against the twilight. But even at that glance she could see that his mood was very grave.

"Take me as far away from the house as possible," he said. She felt his hand slip under her arm and draw her near to him. "I want only to remember that the world holds you to-night. You and our love, Valerie."

They turned off from the broad path that was commanded by the windows of the bungalow and passed down a little avenue between high

(Continued on page 13.)

SOLDIERS' LETTERS
SERIES N° 6.

The field in which our horses are is thick with mud, but my boots are as dry inside as if they were new. I really think that it is due to Cherry Blossom Boot Polish for some of the boys say their boots are quite wet inside. As Canterbury is 2 1/2 miles away it is difficult to find time to go and get a supply of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, and if you could forward some I should be extremely grateful.

new, Canterbury

12-11-14

Nos amis français et belges trouveront le cirage "Cherry Blossom" incomparable et d'une application très simple.

Sold by all Dealers in Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Outfits 6d.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

'Entente' Sir Wilfrid.
Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the veteran Canadian, whose fine independent speech we read yesterday, should be counted among all men an entente cordiale statesman, for up to the age of eighteen he could speak no other language but French. He is of French Canadian origin, and he once explained that, in order to learn English, he hired himself to a Scots farmer in Canada and took some of his first lessons in reading in turn with other members of the household a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers.

Would Play with Children.

Everyone who knows Sir Wilfrid has some story to tell of his love of children. Even on his big political tours through the length and breadth of Canada he would always find time to spend a few minutes in play with the youngsters of the districts through which he travelled. A Canadian journalist friend has told me many stories of this kind. He says that often early in the morning the "Chief" might be seen at play with the children of the workers in the construction camps where the party stopped.

Those Bands from Pink Hungary.

This war is opening our eyes very wide to many things—Hungarian bands, for instance. For years you and I have been listening to Blue or Pink or White Hungarian Bands—bands from Blue, Pink or White Hungary, as the comedians would call them—imagining that their wild-eyed musicians were genuine sons of that gipsy land part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. We were wrong. Most of our handsomen never saw Budapest.

Such a Waste.

It was the report of a lawsuit in yesterday's papers that opened my eyes to this sad state of affairs. There was a Blue Hungarian Band composed of a Dutchman, three Englishmen, three Russians, a Rumanian, and two Austrians just to lend local colour. Then they got rid of the Austrians, but they still claimed Blue Hungary. And, worse, a witness stated that only one real Hungarian band had ever been to this country! Just think of the romantic young women who have been wasting their sighs upon the wild, untamed fiddlers from the far Carpathians who really came from Tooting. Too bad, isn't it?

The Willies on the Stage.

When I looked in at the Ambassadors' last night I found Arthur Playfair going "great guns"—the house was roaring at his boundless store of jokes and good humour. When he and Miss Sim came on as "The Willies" with their broken-down motorcar the house rocked with laughter. "What's that on your helmet, papa?" asks Little Willie, referring to the German eagle. "It is what everybody is giving me now, my son," replies Big Willie. "It's the bird."

Must Have Their Papers.

Soldiers at the front are always glad to get a newspaper, and many are the devices by which Tommy gets the "latest" news. Perhaps the most priceless way of getting to hear both sides of the case has been discovered by a Hamburg lieutenant, who describes his experiences in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. He is on the Aisne line, and finds trench work very monotonous.

Ten O'clock Rest.

Then he had a bright idea, and sent a man under the white flag to the French outposts suggesting a rest every morning at ten o'clock for the exchange of newspapers. The French agreed, and every morning handed over a copy of the *Petit Parisien* and got in return, the *Elapenseitung*, the official paper issued for the use of German troops. Cigars and tobacco are exchanged, interminable handshakes, and then—more fighting. This has been going on for a month now, and the truce is honourably kept on both sides.

"Winter's Pie" Again.

"Winter's Pie" is out again, full of all the good things some of the best of our writers and artists contribute to it. And, as far as I can see, there is nothing about the war in the book. This is not by design. Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode tells me it is because the Pie had been mixed before the war broke upon us. And so we have it just sheer fun and entertainment of the ante bellum type, and I'm not sure it isn't all the better for it.

Turkey Barred.

The shortage of turkeys this year has been proving a terrible nuisance to the cable censors. I know of one example, anyhow. A big poultry dealer in London, faced with a stoppage of supplies from Hungary, the Balkans and Italy, cabled a week or so ago to a firm in America asking if they could supply 50,000 turkeys. No answer came. He wired again. Yet no answer. Then the post elicited the information that the messages had never arrived. The hawk-eyed censor had spotted the word turkey. "Ah!" he must have said, "this is trading with (or in) the enemy." And so into the waste-paper basket the messages went.

"Scaremongering" Again.

Some days ago I recommended to you a little book called "Scaremongering from *The Daily Mail*." It is the book of the moment because it records who were the people who forewarned Great Britain of the inevitable war with Germany. It also discloses the identity of those publicists who have persistently played the German game. It is useful now to remember those who warned us. It is very useful to remember those who sought to disarm us in the face of the foe.

The Men Who Warned Us.

The men who endured years of abuse and ridicule at the hands of the pro-Potsdam party in order that Britain might not become a German colony are widely dissimilar in personality, political sympathies and individual ambitions. But they were all inspired by a common patriotism. What but patriotism, for instance, would make Mr. Robert Blatchford, the Socialist, Mr. H. W. Wilson, the naval expert, and Mr. J. L. Garvin, the eloquent Tory journalist, all preach the same gospel?

Lord Northcliffe's Influence.

But the man who has done more than any other Britisher alive to see that Britain's heritage was not sold to Germany for a few paltry political pence is Lord Northcliffe, the proprietor of *The Times*, *The Daily Mail*, and the London *Evening News*. When history sits down to record for posterity those personal forces that rallied the Empire for the greatest war of all ages it will be seen that the influence of Lord Northcliffe worked with vigour and inspiration for our Empire's permanence and our children's freedom.

The Pro-Potsdam Press.

It is well that these things should be remembered at the present time. Even now the pro-Potsdam Press who besought us last August to keep out of the war and steal the trade of our Allies is suggesting that the men who warned Britain worked for war in defiance of the peace-loving Kaiser and the whole Christian Brotherhood of Berlin Junkers. Presently the Potsdam papers will try and make peace easy for the Kaiser and his minions.

The Broken Vessels.

Those "broken vessels" of British journalism who have been as clay in the hands of the Potter of Potsdam are squealing rather badly over *The Daily Mail's* book. They do not like to see their old "kiss-the-Kaiser" articles quoted against them. They are the reformed rakes of patriotism just now. They want to settle down as respectable patriots. They are desperately anxious that their pacific past shall be forgotten. Unfortunately for them, their conversion has been too sudden to be convincing.

"We Want to Know, You Know."

Meanwhile the old pro-German Press cannot cloud the mirror of the public mind by breathing on it the hot vapours of personal abuse. What the public want to know from these men is an explanation of their own conduct. Their estimate of other people's conduct is not germane to the issue. Why did these people persistently attack Sir Edward Grey as Foreign Secretary? Why did they call for the removal of Mr. Churchill from the Admiralty? Why did they agitate for the reduction of the British Navy? Why did they tell us Germany harboured no thoughts of hate or war or conquest?

Why Were They Pro-German?

These are the questions that everybody is anxious to see answered by the pro-Potsdammers. What they think about Lord Northcliffe or *The Daily Mail* does not matter. Until these questions are answered we must turn deaf ears to the preachings of these men or other subjects. Were they innocent victims of German intrigue or were they consciously guilty when they worked so long and ardently for the betrayal of their country?

Football for "Tommy."

We have passed the three hundred mark. Thank you very much. Yesterday up to the middle of the afternoon brought in nineteen footballs, making a total of 300 received. Of these 292 have been distributed, and I have seventeen in hand, which will go out to-day. Now, we want ninety-one more, please, to complete the fourth hundred.

The First He Had Bought.

In that the attacks of the applicants weakened a little yesterday, we made some progress. But those boys in khaki are insatiable, and we shall want all our four hundred. In fact, I have applications to exceed that number now. Among the balls I received yesterday were two from a donor who writes: "I am fifty-nine years of age and these are the first I have ever bought."

The Children's Help.

The children were much in evidence among yesterday's donors. Two letters reached me in childish writing. One read: "I am five years old. The football is from Kynge and me—Your loving Joyce." The other: "Here is a football for the soldiers. We bought it with our own money. I am seven and three-quarters. I have two soldiers and two sailor uncles—Your loving Kynge." Probably fifty or more "weary Tommies" out there will forget their weariness for a while because of Kynge's and Joyce's kindly gift.

Where They Go.

And then I turn to a batch of acknowledgments, many of them scribbled in pencil on odd sheets of paper and headed "British Ex. Force." The 11th Mobile Section Army Veterinary Corps, for instance, says "The football is a great boon. We have high hopes of having a game on the enemy's territory before long." The 43rd Battery R.F.A., also at the front, says, "You should have seen the joy writ on everyone's face when we were at liberty to have our first game with the football." And so it goes on, a tale of generous givers and grateful recipients.

Journalist Censor.

I wonder how Sir Edward Cook, the new assistant censor, will like the task of blue pencilling all the news out of his fellow-journalists' messages, for Sir Edward is a journalist of long experience and big reputation. Sir Edward will not come fresh to war reports. He wrote a good deal about the campaign in South Africa, though much of his later work has been of a more peaceful nature.

Sir Edward Cook.

Writer of Guide Books, Too.

He is the editor of an edition of Ruskin's works and the author of many articles on matters of art and antiquity, including guide books to the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery. Sir Edward Cook is a widower. His wife, who died eleven years ago, was a sister of Mrs. H. B. Irving.

"Drops of Victory."

I thought General von Hindenburg had gone far enough in glory when, as I mentioned a day or two ago, he was made to act as godfather to a much-advertised brand of boots. But I was wrong—the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* mentions a new honour. "A well-known brewer," says that paper, "recently asked the famous Hunter of the Russians to allow a special brew of their make to be named 'Hindenburg Drops of Victory.'"

Giving His Name.

He gladly consented on one condition—namely, that a sample should be sent him for consumption by his men. The brewer without more ado sent him sixty-five gallons. So now, I suppose, "Hindenburg Drops of Victory" are on the market. They'll make a tasty drink for the "hunted" Russians in Berlin. They will appreciate them the more now that Russia has "gone dry" as the Americans say. THE RAMBLER.



THE BADGE OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES THAT EVERYBODY SHOULD WEAR. ESPECIALLY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

We have noticed that all kinds of patriotic emblems have been worn, such as flags of all nations, but it is better and would give more pleasure to those who are at the front, as well as a home, to see that the actual badge of their regiment is worn by their friends. You could not wish for anything more suitable as a gift to your hero, or the badge in sterling silver, and so cunningly constructed that the photograph of your friend or next of kin can be placed inside this badge; one side you have your hero, the other the regiment he is with. They are made so that they can be worn as a brooch by both lady and gentleman, and each one is put on a beautiful five-coloured card showing, in actual colours, Britannia, the aeroplane flying above, bombs exploding, Red Cross motors, and our dear Tommy standing with his bayonet fixed to his rifle. This is the emblem you ought to wear and send to your friend as a Christmas gift; you could not get anything more suitable than this beautiful card and the badge in which it is illustrated above and brooch. Each one is packed in a leatherette box so that you can send it anywhere. A space is also provided in the card for corresponding purposes. Get one or more of these today. The regiments named are now ready. They are obtainable from all the leading jewellers in the country at the following prices—Sterling silver, 2s. each; in set gold, 10s. 6d. each. If you should have any difficulty in obtaining them from your local jeweller, send remittance direct to the Editorial Dept., 317, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Manchester, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, 2nd Life Guards, 12th Lancers, 17th Lancers, Royal North Lancashire, 1st Life Guards, Northumbrian Fusiliers, Highland Light Infantry, 15th Hussars, 20th Hussars, Herefordshire, Camerons, Seaforth Highlanders, Royal Fusiliers, Royal Scots, Royal Horse Guards, Royal Sussex, Inniskilling Fusiliers, 6th Royal Irish Lancers, Royal West Surrey, Royal Warwick Regiment, Royal Sussex, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, R.A.M. Corps, Army Service Corps, Royal Berkshire, Royal Engineers, Rifle Brigade.

Bottle-Fed Babies

A NOTE ABOUT MILK.

There are many ways of dealing with cow's milk to bring it up to the standard of mother's milk and make it suitable for infants, but, as will be seen from the evidence below, the method which succeeds when most others fail is to give Savory and Moore's Food made with milk, as directed. The digestion difficulty—so often experienced—is entirely overcome and a diet very closely resembling mother's milk is obtained.

(1) "After weaning my baby at a month I fed her on milk, barley water, and cream, but had no rest with her night or day; in fact, she was crying all the time. I made up my mind to give your sample tin a trial, and I started according to instructions. The improvement in the child in a week is simply astounding. She sleeps as long again and has lost the strained, haggard look in her face and has greatly developed in body."

(2) "Being a London Hospital trained nurse, I had an idea that nothing could beat barley water and cow's milk for babies, but your Food has completely altered my opinion. I have tried both with my child, and the difference since using your food is simply wonderful. I feel I should like all mothers to know about it."

For the convenience of those who have not yet tried their Food Messrs. Savory and Moore offer to send a Special **FREE TRIAL TIN** on receipt of stamps for postage only. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains a very generous supply of food, quite sufficient for a thorough trial. If you will fill in the coupon below and send it with 2d. in stamps for postage, the special trial tin will be forwarded by return with full directions.

FREE COUPON

To Savory & Moore Ltd, Chemists to the King, New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your Food, I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name

Address
D.M.R. 16/12/14.

Chivers' Mincemeat

Guaranteed absolutely Pure
Only choicest ingredients used
BETTER THAN HOME-MADE

Ask your Grocer for
a jar of CHIVERS'

The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

Derry & Toms

KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

Patriotic China.



Tea or Coffee Cups and
Saucers, 9/6.
Breakfast Cups and Saucers,
1/3.
Porcelain Plates, 1/6.
Mugs, 8/6.
Pitchers, 2/6.
Baiters, 9/6.
Jugs, 1/2, 1/3, 2/6.
Bread & Butter Plates, 1/3.
Ash Trays, 8/6.
Tobacco Jars, 2/6.
Match Stands, 1/9.
Tempters, 2/6.
Pot Pourri, 1/6.

A USEFUL MUD PLOUGH.



Some of our Canadians using a mud-plough to make a clean track in their camp on Salisbury Plain, where the mud is terribly thick.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

closely-trimmed bushes that had been cut after the manner of an English yew hedge. The scent from the rose garden came more strongly to them now, across the dark wall of greenery that separated it from them.

Quite abruptly Hillier stopped and took the woman in his arms.

"Valerie"—he had never spoken her name before; as he spoke it now, between the shadowy hedges, under the grey glimmer of the Indian starlight—"I love you! In England I loved you, too, I suppose—what men call love. It would have gone hardly with me if I had ever thought you cared for some other man... but I never knew what love was, never even guessed at the true meaning of it till you taught me—here, out in this accursed land of exile, when you came that day and took my life in your hands on the verandah at Magalia."

She struggled to break away from him. She must not allow him to say these things to her now. Every glimpse that he gave of his inmost heart would be an added bitterness to his thoughts of her when he knew the truth.

"Don't—don't!" she cried.

"Why not?" Hillier laughed at her, as he might have laughed at a child. "Valerie, to-night we stand for the first time on equal ground—not because of the miserable money," he added quickly. "Don't think me quite so base as that—but simply because for the first time I know that I shall be able to give you what a man should give the wife he loves—a home that is worthy of her. A home in England, with all the traditions of our name. It's a name to be proud of, Valerie. We must try to raise it to its old esteem. Denis Hillier did not shed lustre upon it, I'm afraid. Not that I'm anything to boast of—but our children, dear. Your children, Valerie—strong and brave and sane."

"Don't!" she said again, half-hysterically. Every word was a stab in her heart. Her children—the children of a woman who was a liar and an impostor. She must not let this thing go on. She must tell the man the truth now, let the cost be what it might.

"Jack, you're mistaken in me. There's something I must tell you. . . ."

The words died into nothingness on her dry lips; the scent of the roses from over the hedge came to her senses like some deadly narcotic. Hardly aware of what she did, she bent her head and kissed the sleeve of his coat, as one who says a last farewell.

"I'm not—" "Why here you are, you amazing, spiteful people," Valerie's voice breaking in on the scene that might have altered the lives of three people. Valerie herself, averting down between the hedges, a slim figure in her white gown. "The cablegram has come, I hear, and you have left me out in the cold. Tell me everything."

She laughed, chattering to Hillier, who found her presence anything but welcome at the moment.

Together they turned and went towards the house. Once Valerie fell behind to whisper some words to Sylvia, who was following, stunned beyond pain or relief, at this interruption that was a reprieve.

"Make some excuse to get away—out of the house, as soon as you can. There's something I must say to you, to-night. But there must be no chance of interruptions or eavesdroppers," she added, meaningly.

There will be a dramatic instalment tomorrow.

BRITISH COLLIER SUNK BY DRESDEN

New York, Dec. 15.—A telegram from Callao (Peru) announces that the German steamer Rhakotis has landed there the crew of the British collier North Wales, which the cruiser Dresden sank, after taking possession of her cargo of coal.—Reuter.

SIX-FARTHING MEAL.

Even in War Time Economical Cooks Can Make Cheap Two-Course Dinners.

How to live at the cheapest rate in war time has been demonstrated at the National Training School of Cookery in Buckingham Palace-road.

A dinner for six people at the cost of 84d. and one for the same number at 91d. were among exhibits shown to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. One of the menus for the dinner at 91d. consisted of six herrings, 3lb. of potatoes and a pudding. For the meal there was allowed a tablespoonful of salt.

The ingredients for the pudding were as follow:—

8oz. of flour.
Teaspoonful of carbonate of soda,
A little sugar.
Tablespoonful of ginger,
Pint of milk.

The six herrings cost 41d.

Among the things taught in the school is the art of bottling carrots. You are taught how to make a new jam consisting of rhubarb and figs, and also how to clarify fat and how to make soap.

The soap recipe was as follows: Caustic soda, clarified fat and water.

WRITE TO RIGHT ADDRESS.

By the wish of the Queen, it is requested that those who have reason to correspond with the Queen's Work for Women Fund should not send their letters to Buckingham Palace, but to the following addresses, according to the nature of their communications:—

Suggestions for employing or helping women: Hon. Secretary, the Central Committee on Women's Employment, 8, Grosvenor-place, S.W.

Contributions: Hon. Treasurer, Queen's Work for Women Fund, 33, Portland-place, W.

Applications for employment or for help for individual women: Secretary of Local Representative Committees at Town Hall or Urban District Office in locality in which applicant lives.

Letters in respect of professional women: The Secretary, Professional Classes Sub-Committee, Board of Education, Whitehall.

The Queen's co-operation with the Central Committee on Women's Employment is confined to the collection of money to finance the scheme.

1/- A CHERY GLEAM
NET FOR XMAS

NOW ON SALE

Winter's Pie

BUY IT! READ IT!

Then send it on to your relations or friends

at the Front, Camp, or Hospital

ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT.

HAS THE WAR AFFECTED YOU?

Has it affected your nerves? Are you worrying over your business or domestic matters? Do you lack self-confidence? Are you getting morbid, depressed, timid and nervous of meeting others? If you want a cure for all such ills, Professor G. Elliot-Smith's Meno-Nerve Strengthening Treatment will be found to be all-sufficient. His system tells you how to use air, exercise, food, thought, will, feeling and sense—all in one grand combination that supplies the exhausted brain and nerve cells with their proper quantity of energy, so that with every breath you breathe you will inspire nerve force. If you write to the Professor himself, enclosing 3 penny stamps, he will send you particulars of his guaranteed cure in 12 days. His address is: Professor G. Elliot-Smith, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4. (Advt.)

Have You Eczema

Face Spots or any Skin Trouble?

ARE you worried day and night by itching, burning eczema, or are you disfigured by this distressing skin illness? If so remember that you need not suffer in this way. Whether yours is dry, weeping, or scaly eczema does not matter, for in either case Antexema will soon free you from it. Antexema instantly arrests the progress of the trouble, and every sign of eczema quickly disappears once and for all.



Not only is Antexema a cure for eczema, pimples, face spots and rashes, but it also cures bad legs, bad hands, skin irritation, red, rough, or chafed skin, and every similar trouble.

All chemists and stores, also Boots, Lewis and Burrows', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Parlo's, supply Antexema at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. or direct free in its own wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d.

Sign this Form

Get Antexema Free Trial

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME

ADDRESS

D. Mirror, 16/12/14

NO MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown or black by the use of

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

(Walnut Stain)

A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Prices: 1s. 2d. and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra. Securely packed. Address: C. L. VALENTINE, 57a, Hathers Vindict, London.

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STYLISH COSTUME

Made in good Serge. Colours: Navy, Brown, Purple, Light and Dark Grey, Green, Saxe, Red and Black. Up-to-date collar and knife-plated buttons. Coat 32in. long, body and sleeves lined, smartly cut high waisted skirt. A Great Bargain for 15/-, carriage paid. This Costume is also made in superior Cording Serge in Black and Navy. Price 25/-.

Write to-day for Catalogue (No. 3) of WINTER FASHIONS in Ladies and Made-to-Measure Coats, Capes, Skirts, etc. Showrooms open until 7.30 p.m. Sat. 1 p.m.

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MAID'S COAT

Made in Blanket Cloth. Colours: Navy, Tan, Brown, Purple, Grey or Black.

Sizes: 0 7 8 9

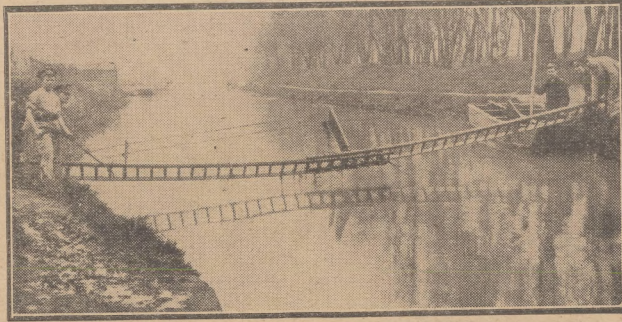
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OUR ENGINEERS AT PRACTICE. 9 330 V



British Engineers "building" a ladder bridge across a river. Engineers who can use these bridges quite easily are something of acrobats.

FOR THE KIDDIES' SAKE.

Why Ammunition Driver Wants to Stop at Front Till All Is Over.

"I HAVE SEEN THINGS."

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

FRANCE.—"Hullo! What, me want to go home? Well, rather! I just for a trip to see the wife and kiddies. But not to stop. Oh, no. If ever you hear me say I want to 'quit' for good you'll know this war is finished, and Germany, too, I hope. I've seen things."

My companion was a skilled mechanic and motor-driver, and was, only a few months ago, a foreman in a large London motor garage. Now his job is to rush backwards and forwards to the front with shells to feed the guns.

My curiosity was aroused by his remark that he had "seen things," and I asked what he meant by that.

"Look here," he said, fumbling under his tunic and producing a worn photograph, "that's my little wife and kiddies. When I say I'm going to stay here and see these Germans beaten, well, that's why." And he held the tattered photograph at arm's length and gazed at it.

"Plenty of dead men I've seen, smashed horses and all that sort of thing, and I've lost some good pals, too. I expected all that when I came out, but I didn't reckon on the women and children and old men."

"I've had little children hanging on to my coat—for protection, I suppose—and what could I do—me, with a lorry full of ammunition for the guns in action?"

"It has happened several times that I have got among the panic-stricken people fleeing from burning homes—thousands of them, old men, women and children. They chuck the children into the lorries on top of shells and ammunition."

"I once gave a couple of women a lift when coming away from the front for supplies. One of them had been badly knocked about, especially in the face—she had black eyes and a broken nose."

"Those two women offered me a frame for the lift. I told you that made me feel pretty sick. 'It all makes me think,' added my companion, 'what if this was in England. What about my poor wife and kiddies? That is why I only want to go home when this job is finished.'"

ROYAL ROAD TO RUIN.

"Nine out of every ten criminals who come before the Court are here through drink," remarked Judge Renton during a case at the Old Bailey yesterday. In the case in question the Judge remarked that the defendant's appearance in the dock was probably caused by two glasses of whisky.

DID YOUR CHILD WAKE UP CROSS OR FEVERISH?

Look, Mother! If Tongue is Coated, give "California Syrup of Figs" to Clean the Bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that his little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore; when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache or diarrhoea, remember a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the waste-matter, sour bile and fermenting food clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a healthy and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Counterfeits are being sold here. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Refuse substitutes. (Adv.)

NEWS ITEMS.

Chief Whip Down With Typhoid.

Mr. Percy Illingworth, the Chief Government Whip, was reported yesterday to have been suddenly attacked by typhoid.

Cressy Survivor Accused of Bigamy.

Chief Gunner Albert John Dougherty, one of the surviving officers of the Cressy was at Sheerness yesterday committed for trial on two charges of bigamy.

A Well-Deserved Rest.

The employees at the Royal Ordnance Factories, who have toiled so arduously during the past few months, are to be given three days' holiday at Christmas.

Race Train Tragedy.

George A. Norton, of Tooting, who was stabbed in a Windsor race train last week, died yesterday afternoon in Bellingbroke Hospital, Wandsworth Common.

Promotions for Gallantry.

Forty-two names of non-commissioned officers who have been promoted to second lieutenants for service in the field are recorded in last night's London Gazette.

Cigarette Card Will.

"I give everything I possess to my fiancée, Sarah Ellen Smith, of Somercotes," ran a will, on the back of a cigarette card, written by Mr. W. J. Valentine, of Melton Mowbray, who left £89.

Queen Alexandra's Banknote Gifts.

When Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria visited the Ward Hospital, Reigate, for wounded soldiers, her Majesty presented each man with a £1 note and an autograph photograph of herself.

To Winter on the Thames.

The German prisoners who have been interned at the concentration camp at Frintley are to spend the winter on ships off Southend, and the last batch were removed to their new homes yesterday.

LINGFIELD RACING TO-DAY.

After a break of two days, steeplechasing will be resumed this afternoon at Lingfield Park. Fields are not likely to be large, but some good sport is promised. Selections are appended:—

1. O.—Crowhurst Hurdle—MACMERRY.
2. 30.—Cowden Chase—BLAIR HAMPTON.
3. 2.—Coverstock Chase—COSIMA.
2. 30.—Cobham Hurdle—MARIE'S PRIDE.
3. 0.—Southern Counties Chase—OMO.
3. 0.—Winter Hurdle—BILBERRY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

MARIE'S PRIDE and BILBERRY.*

BOUVIERE.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR—FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify your hair! Make it soft, fluffy and luxuriant.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch; but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 1s. 1d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft first any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all.—(Adv.)

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd.,
have just received a large consignment of **KNITTING WOOLS.** These were bought before the great advance in price; consequently **The Value Offered is Very Exceptional.**

Wools

Special Service Wool.

4-ply, Full and soft.

In Khaki, Navy, Natural, or Grey.

3/11½ per lb.

VICTORIA Double Knitting.

Gorringe's Own Special Wool. An ideal wool for Scarves, Helmets, Mittens, &c.

In Khaki, Grey, Navy, or Natural.

4/6 per lb.

Post Orders for these Wools sent Carriage Paid by return.

"Ideas for Xmas Gifts" and Fashion Catalogue Post Free.

Frederick Gorringe
—LIMITED—
BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., S.W.

THE DEAF—AND THE WAR.

The great trouble of the deaf is that it is so difficult for them to converse with friends on the all-absorbing topic of the hour. This can be overcome by the use of a little British-made pocket phone, called the "Auriphone," which magnifies the least sound to the desired degree and simply makes the deaf hear. It has been perfected by very costly experiment, and the makers claim that all defects of older devices have been swept away. All who have vainly tried other instruments should test the "Auriphone." This can be done free of all charge by calling at address below, or a card will bring a free booklet with prices and cost of home trials. Auriphones, Ltd., 35, Walter House, Strand, London.—(Adv.)

Box of 70 Shades

Sent Post Free to Your Address

Ladies are invited to write (on an ordinary postcard) for LEWISS, Four Pairs of Lewis' "Wonderful" Velvetene, of East Pike, East Prv, thoroughly durable, and the finest imitation of Real Silk Velvet ever seen.



LEWISS
"WONDERFUL"
VELVETEEN
2/6

Can only be obtained direct from LEWISS, 15, Market St., Manchester.

In Black and all the most beautiful Shades now worn. This quality is sold by the best Drapers at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a yard. Lewis is the sole manufacturer and sole seller of their "Wonderful" Velvetene, and sell it direct to the public at 2s. a yard. Lewis have no Agents. LEWISS, 15, Market St., Manchester.

JUST THE PRESENT FOR TOMMY

You can be with him at the front and **SAVE HIS LIFE.**

See "Daily Mirror," Nov. 26, how Cigarette Case Saves Soldier's Life.

A strong Nickelled Steel Cigarette Case, Ora Tobacco Box with beautiful enamelled miniature in centre of **Wife, Sweetheart, Mother, Baby** or other loved one. Send Photo to copy (which will be returned to you undamaged) and Postal Order 10s. and we will forward you either the Cigarette Case or the Tobacco Box. **The B.S. COMPANY, 174, Edman Street, Birmingham.**

FARROW'S BANK FOR WOMEN

- Is a bank entirely managed and staffed by Women.
- Every description of joint-stock banking is transacted.
- Current Accounts are opened and interest paid on credit balances.
- Deposit Accounts: interest from 3 to 4 per cent. according to the notice of withdrawal.
- Banking by Post: Ladies who cannot visit town will find this department a great convenience.

An illustrated booklet fully explaining the advantages of a banking account can be obtained, post free, on application to the Manageress.

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A. H. & CO.

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

So Says Eminent Specialist.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which causes uric acid, clogs the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver and bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmalum compound from your chemist and take 3 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day, after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine. It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders. This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from kidney or bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it just what you need.—(Adv.)

DEAR EGGS.

Eggs are dear—present conditions necessitate economy. Cakes made in the ordinary way must have eggs added to give the desired richness. Cakeoma has a richness in itself that enables eggs to be dispensed with wholly or in part. Eggs may be omitted from the usual Cakeoma recipes, or less may be used, if extra milk is added to give the proper consistency.

A tea-spoonful of milk is about the proper quantity required to make a cake with one packet of Cakeoma if no eggs are used. If only part of the eggs in the recipe are omitted, one large tablespoonful of milk should be added for every egg saved.

By adopting these methods a very real saving is effected, yet your cakes and puddings will still be delicious.

But you must use Cakeoma—imitations will not do.

Write to-day for the Cakeoma Recipe Book, containing many economical recipes, which will be sent free on postcard request, together with full particulars of the Grand Cakeoma Cash Prize Competition.

All grocers and stores sell Cakeoma in 4d. packets.

"Save your empty Cakeoma bags."

Latham & Co., Ltd., Liverpool.